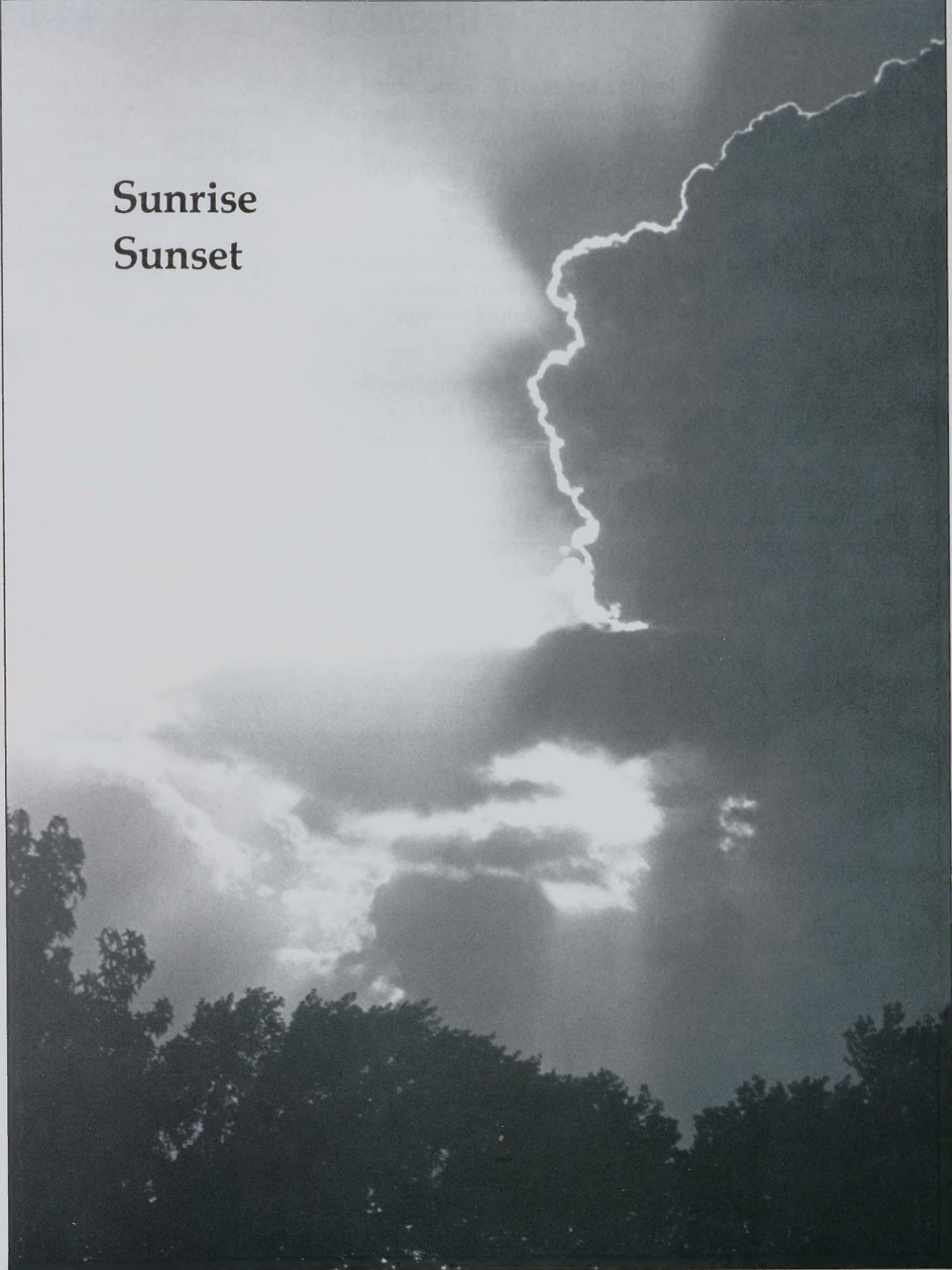


TJC Touchstone

Spring 1987





Sunrise
Sunset

SILVER LININGS by Betsy Haynes

Foreword

As the first official all-student staff of the TJC Touchstone our task was an immense one. We experienced many "firsts" in our endeavor, the hardest of all being the critique sessions themselves. Although we all felt unqualified to judge another person's work, it was, nevertheless, our responsibility.

The variety and number of submissions surprised and bewildered us. The manila envelope mountain slowly dwindled down as "ins" and "outs" had to be chosen. Many worthy submissions had to be turned away due to failure to meet published requirements.

In our attempt to publish the most excellent submissions we made a few mistakes along the way, but as a staff I feel we accomplished our goal. Yet, it's important to remember that the works not included are not necessarily unqualified, only that others were more qualified. In "Alone Together," translated by Alexander Cook, Elena Bonner wrote these words, "Just as there are no little people or unimportant lives, there is no insignificant work." We thank everyone who submitted entries and encourage more to do so next year.

Nancy Leverett
Editor, *TJC Touchstone*



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GOING HOME
by Madalynn C. Cunningham

TJC Touchstone, Volume 2

Spring 1987
Tyler Junior College
Tyler, Texas

About the title:

A distinctive streak left on a black touchstone when rubbed with genuine silver or gold was a foolproof test which allowed ancient civilizations to trust using coins in trade. We trust that you too, will find genuine distinctive elements of value in the *TJC Touchstone*.

Carolyn Hendon
March 1986

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BREAKFAST AT DAWN by Pat Buffington

Sunrise

by Catherine Starkey

Early spring dawn:
when the back meadow
snuggles under
a dewy daffodil blanket.

Busy Morning

by Pat Buffington

She rises with great duty.
Warmly and gently she lifts the mist,
As birds chirp of her beauty.
Morning flowers brighten
my day's list.

Lighten Up, Aurora

by Carolyn Hendon

There are two kinds of people in the world — morning people and the rest of us, people like me who get no respect. The early birds are out there digging in the garden, which serves them right. I say, "Let them eat worms."

Personally, I blame the Greek poet Homer for becoming the head cheerleader for morning and her kind of people. Even though he described the goddess of dawn Aurora in the *Iliad* about three thousand years ago, the rah rah hasn't faded away yet. "Dawn, rosy-fingered, arose to bring light to the gods and mortals," said Homer. (If you ask me, Aurora can wait to turn on the light, no matter how great that rosy manicure looks.) Then around a century and a half ago an American cheer for morning went up from Henry David Thoreau in *Walden*: "All poets and heroes are the children of Aurora and emit their music at sunrise." (I think she should teach her kids not to play the stereo so early in the morning. They're certainly not my heroes.)

As recently as a week ago I learned that my sister-in-law has joined Homer and Thoreau's squad. She hasn't written a book about Aurora or anything like that, but her school colors are definitely rose and gold. She told me, "I just love to sit on the patio by myself before anyone else is awake and watch the sun rise each morning. I drink coffee and read *The Dallas Morning News* and listen to the birds and enjoy feeling peaceful before I get ready for work." I know she thinks her mornings are more, well, spiritual than mine, but reading by the dawn's early light about bombs bursting in air to the sound of worm-chomping in the garden is not my idea of how to start a day.

Here's how I do it: First, I press in the alarm button with my pale fingers as it begins to emit its music, find the floor, dress, assuming the lost shoe will find my foot before long, then toss an egg into a skillet, build a bologna sandwich for lunch, eat the sandwich, remember breakfast was to be the egg, and give it to

the cat. After stepping over the rolled-up newspaper on the sidewalk and noticing gratefully that I do have on two shoes, I drive to school, hoping for one of the two traffic lights to be green so I won't be late. Finally, I jog from the last space in the furthest parking lot, and rosy-faced, stride into my first class just as the tardy bell rings.

Much later, when I am finally fully awake — around sunset — I may ponder some advice Thoreau gave while rambling on about worshipping Aurora and taking early morning baths in his famous pond. He said, "We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep."

Maybe I should throw out my alarm clock. If I'm late to school I'll just say, "I was infinitely expecting dawn, but Aurora and her noisy kids must have overslept too."



PEACE by Madalynn Cunningham

Put the Best Foot Forward

by Ivey D. Lawrence Sr.

From the time of my first encounter with a shoe salesman as a child, it has been an enigma to me why the left shoe should ever first be put on. It is logical to assume that most shoe salesmen are right-handed and that this is natural cause why one should clump around with only the left shoe on while checking for fit. But after purchase and in the privacy of one's own home, a careful consideration should be made concerning which shoe should first be put on. There are many valid reasons why the putting on of the right shoe should be anterior to putting on of the left.

Because the left shoe is usually removed first by a quick jab of the toe of the right, it is usually, unconsciously kicked out of the way. This action causes the left shoe to usually end up lost under the couch, or chair, or bed, and to be the last one

found when the sun rises the next morning. The frustration that is acquired from searching for the left shoe causes one to forcefully jam the foot into it so that the heel folds over and reminds one too late to use the shoe spoon, which is probably hopelessly lost, anyway. The next fifteen minutes is vicariously spent attempting to get a sore heel into the bent heel leather of the left shoe. A limp is developed that may last until mid-morning because of wearing the left shoe on a sore heel. So, as one limps through the day, one can assuredly place the blame of it on putting the left shoe on first.

In contrast, the right shoe is usually removed last. It usually finds its place on the floor immediately in front of the wearer who is by now plopped back in a reclining position on whatever piece of furniture that was chosen. The next

morning will reveal the right shoe easily found, still in its place in the middle of the floor. Generally, it is easily slipped on as one's thoughts are, by now, concentrating on finding the lost left shoe. A youthful appearance and feeling can be attained as one clumps around with only the right shoe on in search of the lost left one. The height of fashion is attained in the liberal, modern look as one wears the left shoe of a different pair mistakenly adorned all because the right shoe was first put on.

If I live to be one hundred, I shall remain convinced that the putting on of the right shoe should always precede the putting on of the left. Even their designated names show this to be true. The right shoe to put on is the right shoe first. The last shoe to put on is all that is left.

One Afternoon

by Betsy Haynes

I saw a sea captain
Looking as of old;
With hoary beard and black cap,
And plaid shirt red and bold.
Behind the wheel he sat,
Studying his maps and charts.
Plotting his course through
 unknown seas
Using the navigational arts.
Course determined, he looked up,
Scanning with an eagle eye.
Then the light turned green
And he steered his RV safely by.

Motivation

by Ivey D.

Lawrence Sr.

A baby, new of life, is seen with promise;
An oldster, full of life, with much respect;
A grave, so void of life, with grieving sadness;
A heart, made cold by life, is made reject.

How mechanical our devices!
How traditional all our schemes!
How terrible all our troubles!
How excellent all our dreams!

The life so new in start still needs direction.
The one of ancient founding needs much hope.
The grave of death needs promise of rebirthing.
The hardened heart needs softness in its scope.

Such a burning, our desires!
Such fulfilling, our deeds done!
Such an ending, new horizon!
Such beginning, setting sun!

Tomorrow comes not by yesterday;
Tomorrow comes of our goals at play.

Watching

by Melanie A. Henske

I enjoy watching you think —
a finger touching pursed lips,
as your mind categorically
sifts through plausible solutions.
The subtle raising of an eyebrow
as you weigh the "correctness"
of your answer.
The sparkle in your eyes
when you know that you are right.

I delight in watching you walk —
To be as slight in stature
as you are, you still navigate
with a distinct air of
assuredness.
And your ability to traverse a room
has never been slighted
by an occasional stumble or trip.
I like to think it's simply
an inability to calm your
"inner bounce"

I'm amused while watching you talk —
Such a fierce desire to
animate completely the story
you're always so absorbed in.
Your ever rising pitch,
the speeded rate when something
is exciting.

But most of all —
I love watching you
watch me.
A wonderful look of tenderness
crosses your face, such caring
and love.

I'm looking forward —
to watching you for the rest
of our lives.

Remembering

by John Saleh

I am raking in the rain today —
Consumed by leaves, moist air,
and all
The pleasant scents and scenes
of Autumn.
There is only one thing missing
. . . . You —
Or anyone else who can hold these
bags upright!

Best Features

by Melanie A. Henske

It has been a long time
since I have thought aloud
on paper, but watching you
with face and hand
lit softly by the lamp
seemed to evoke a quiet need.
I thought I knew you.
Every detail of you.
But tonight I discovered
a tiny line in the corner
of your left eye
that I hadn't noticed before.
That little crease reminded
me that we still have things
to learn about each other.
I have loved you for almost
three years now and I have
never seen that crease.
What else have I overlooked,
or simply not looked at
at all?
I have decided to be
more careful,
to notice your eyelashes
and the way your ear
is shaped.
I thought I knew you,
but tonight I
learned a little more,
and I
loved a little more.
Maybe some other night
I'll look at the right side
of your face
and find a line or mark
that will remind me that
we are just beginning.
And make me realize
how very much I love you.

My Secret

by Michael Sanders

Life is a wonder,
People should know.
The rain, the thunder,
The winds that blow.

"Problems, problems, problems,
I have,"
I often hear said to me.
But I have a secret to keep me secure,
From the blind man's misery.

To know, to see, to understand,
Often taken for granted,
I dearly love.
I bow to the simple things in life,
From the figleaf to the dove.



LIMBS ON THE TREE OF LIFE by Iris Bilberry

Metamorphoses

by Nita Langenegger

The years have flown so swiftly —
And tonight, through
tear-dimmed eyes,
I watched my son don his
cap and gown
To try them on for size.
And I prayed, "Dear God, how
can this be?
The little babe you sent to me
To love and guide — stands
now a man —
No longer needful of my hand."
Then I heard God answer clearly,
"Mother, put such cares behind.
Though your son has now
reached manhood,
you really shouldn't mind.
All tomorrows hold his future;
Your job is done you see.
Turn loose of his hand
without regret,
And leave the rest to me."

The Delivery Room

by Ivey D. Lawrence Sr.

Although I have experienced Viet Nam and an oilfield fire, I am convinced that the most awesome place I have seen is the delivery room of a hospital. At the nativity of our first son, I was either blessed or cursed to avoid this place altogether and spent the moments of his birth in the father's waiting room acting very nervous, as was expected of me. But because of the yearnings of my wife, I was to be present at the delivery of our next child. So, being bound to attend, when the time came, I found it a very frightening, fearful place to be; a place filled with knowledgeable, professional and caring people; and a place with such great rewards that every father should attend it at least once.

I was already very frightened and apprehensive as I waited in my scrub clothes outside the delivery room doors. But when the doctor in his green cap and mask beckoned through the tiny window for me to enter, I became nearly as paralyzed as a green recruit in his first combat encounter. I hastily forced myself to attain position by my wife's side

holding onto her hand.

I found the delivery room to be every bit as fearful and frightening place as I had imagined it to be. The lights were so coldly bright that they put a chill in the air. The room was enclosed in cold, green tile, although much of it could not be seen because of the chrome-steel equipment and paraphernalia lining the walls. It smelled of antiseptic and electric air like the smell of lightning after it has already flashed. Everything seemed so hard, cold, bright, and clean that I clung closer to my wife for her soft, human warmth. I knew she must have been as frightened as I was.

Gathered around were trained, intelligent, professional people who, as I later learned, were as caring and compassionate as people can be. There were two nurses, a doctor, and an intern. While seriously and responsibly attending their work, they were jovially talking with me and my wife. They commented on how good she was doing and how calm I was (really, I was as nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of

rocking chairs). At the moment of birth, the doctor was so proficient, he appeared to me as the hero of a fairy tale. The nurses, too, in aiding my wife were like heroines.

Every father should experience the rewards of the delivery room. Being a part of the birth of one's own child is an unforgettable achievement. Feeling his tiny body, newly arrived, as yet uncleaned, is as a miraculous gift of God. To have his tiny, ink-blackened feet pressed against the breast of one's scrub suit for the footprint souvenir is a cherishable moment. To receive the congratulations of the doctors and nurses for simply being a spectator is an honor. And to hold a wife close in the sharing with each other of the joy of the moment is a binding that truly lasts.

As I left the delivery room that day, I turned back to stare at the double doors leading into it. I reflected upon the events that had occurred inside. Awesome is the place. Awesome was the experience. The delivery room is truly a place of miracles.

Journey

by Pat Buffington

The early mist rises, while the sun's first warmth cuddles the birds
and the flowers;

Small playful critters quickly dart to bed, while many spring forth,
glad to greet the new day.

A new rising sun embarks on her daily journey across the sky, as she
towers,

Slowly bringing in her rays, to shoot them out in glorious colors,
showing the way.

Angel on My Shoulder

by Cindy K. Fowler

There are no words that can express
The way I feel today
About the one who gave me life
And brushed my tears away.
She was always there
Whenever I would fall
To pick me up again
And tell me to stand tall.
I always wanted to be like her
When I would pretend and play
I'd wear her clothes, walk in her shoes
And talk her southern way.
And when I'd see a humming bird
Lighting up the sky
I'd think of what she's given me
And I'd begin to cry.
For no one has shown me more
Of what life can really hold
A smile, a tear, a gentle touch
And the beauty of a rose.
Now as I grow from year to year
And become a little older
I never have to ask the Lord
Who's the angel on my shoulder.
For it doesn't matter if I'm here or
There or with someone or another.
God could not be everywhere —
So He created my Mother.

Firefall

by Betsy Haynes

The winged Furies plunging
from the heights;
A god dying, leaving
a trail of light;
The Fates pursuing the souls
of the damned;
The gods racing, their fiery
steeds in hand;
Sparks flying from Ares' sword
as he fights:
One thinks of these when he
beholds the sight
Of falling stars, lighting up
the night.

To Those Who Wait

by Melanie A. Henske

At the age of six I used
to bet with my father on
how close I could get to
touching a blue jay.
If I could bring back
just one feather, I had
Dad's solemn promise
of anything I wanted.
He liked to tease me with
visions of dolls and bicycles,
but I was more realistic;
my one desire was to be
allowed a double-dip
ice cream cone.
I never did get that feather.
I suppose that failing
crossed my mind when
I met you.
And somewhere in the
back of my mind I began
to hear promises again,
of less concrete things;
caring and trust, happiness.
But no matter how carefully
I approached, I could never
quite touch you.
How many times did I try?
and how many times
did you retreat to your branches
just barely out of reach.
One day, I kept telling myself,
one day . . .
Tonight, you told me that
you love me.
I sure hope that there's
some chocolate chip
in the freezer.

Chimera

by Betsy Haynes

I build my castle in the air,
I reach it to find you waiting there.
It's in these days of fancy where
We can love and laugh and
live and care.

The sun shines down and
makes the day
And the two of us are far away.
You look at me and laugh and say,
"The love we have is here to stay!"

I shake the trance to find the room
Bereft of sun and filled with gloom.
A chimera of love is a sorry boon
For one who suffers a lonely doom.

Eclipse: A Star's Point of View

by Oma Foutz

I held you in high esteem
I thought that you were my dream
But I was cast from your sight
In the morning's light.
A herald sang your praises,
A satirist evoked your name,
At twelve past midnight.

You carried me away
My heart spoke then
Of your fine praises
It has nearly forgotten the
dusty noon darkness,
Passed from my memory like the sun
At twelve past midnight.

Are the moments when my light
shone supreme.
Now another has found me
The moon's light comforts me
Till the other comes.
Till the reflection crosses the source
And my light shines alone
At twelve past midnight.

The Cowboy In My Eyes

by Cindy K. Fowler

Through the eyes of my youth
I can remember, oh so well
a cowboy walked in front of me
whose footsteps I tried to fill.
A face that was kind and gentle
as a straw hat shaded his eyes —
His buckle sparkled his spurs jingled
as I looked up to this man so wise.
I watched in childlike amazement
as he would ride away
on a horse he called Apache
to the place where the cowboys
played.
I sat among a crowd that watched
as he appeared.
with horse and rope he'd catch a calf
and oh the people cheered!
He won so many rodeos I can't
recall them all.
To other cowboys he as special
among them he stood tall.
The days have come and gone
and I'm a lady now
But my heart was
always that cowboy's
and still it is somehow.
He's always been my hero
the best friend I ever had
a legend in his own time
and I'm proud that he's my Dad.



THE COWBOY'S FRIEND by Shirley M. Fowler



Alone

by Oma Foutz



SILENCE ECHOES AT SUNSET by Shirley M. Fowler

Alone in a room.
Outside the room
voices are heard,
of birds,
people.
Alone,
A sad, lonely, lovely feeling
mostly of peace and
why only at certain times you feel it.
On a spring morning,
a breeze gently blowing,
birds singing,
a song of peace and love.
Wondering, why is the world
full of ugly things?
That is why I feel the way I do.
Everything is beautiful when it is
soft and gentle.
But when harsh, it is not.
So by this poem, think of peace
and lovely things; not of harsh but
soft.
Think of nature,
As a peaceful paradise,
for it does not matter the color,
race of look,
but what is inside.
If the feeling is gentle and loving,
kind and feeling,
it is paradise.
For many of the world's best
people
are not the most attractive in looks
but the most kind, gentle,
peaceful, and loving.
But as the twilight
fades, so does the human race.
For it is the human race,
to itself it is the most perfect
but to the real and final caller
it is not. For why has so many
of its kind died?
It has no real enemy.
Except itself.
Only it can destroy. Can a bird
destroy all other life? Or can
any other form of life?
No! Only the human race.

Have You Ever Wondered Why a Cowboy Wears Boots?

by Iris Bilberry

A cowboy's boots are the first thing on in the morning (Some chronic cowboys can't walk across the room without their boots on.), and the last thing off at night. I have heard confidential rumors that a few cowboys wear their boots to bed. These cowboys are not married, of course.

Boots are an American phenomenon presently gaining public awareness. Thousands of men are spending money on boots and thousands of women are clamoring to know why. Here are some reasons given by cowboys. Cowboy (kou' boi) n. man born with boots on.

Boots are faithful. Boots sit by the side of the bed all night long waiting for their master's feet. I must say, boots are better than dogs in this respect. At least boots don't scratch their fleas.

Boots are universal. According to

cowboys, boots can be worn anytime, anyplace, and under any circumstances. For example, my husband. He was married in his boots. Or better yet, the astronauts. They wore their boots to the moon.

Boots are comfortable. Any born-and-bred cowboy will tell you that boots are the most comfortable foot attire manufactured — after they are broken in, of course. "Breakin' in" boots is an art form all its own. It includes saddle soap (softening agent), water puddles (secret stretching formula), and any available hard surface (for scuffing and general removal of shine). After a good two weeks of this treatment combination, boots are verrrry comfortable.

All of these reasons are extremely convincing, but I have a few ideas of my own about this earth-shaking mystery.

Cowboys wear boots so they can

walk. Think about it. Have you ever seen a bridle-laden donut chase a horse? Of course not! Boots are a kind of partial splint to keep a cowboy's legs from bowing out, donut () style.

Cowboys wear boots to keep their toes dry. Ever heard the expression "It sure is getting deep in here."? This has been muttered by many a listener of cowboy stories. Fact: The taller the boots on the tale-telling cowboy the taller the tale being told.

Cowboys wear boots because they are economical. There are no shoestrings to be tied or untied, thus saving time and energy.

And this brings up the last reason which should convince any man, woman, or child who has ever walked across a patch of grass. A cowboy wears boots so that he won't have to pick grassburrs out of his shoestrings.

On Crossing

by Michael Sanders

Oh look, the leaf is dying.
But see how beautiful it can be.
As the green sustenance departs
from within.
And glory shines from the tree.

Oh look, the caterpillar is dying,
And I have to ask myself why.
Until I see, testing its wings,
The radiant butterfly.

Oh look, the bird is dying,
It knows it won't be here tomorrow.
But oh, its song! How sweet it sings,
To dry my tears, and ease
my sorrow.

Oh look, the old man is dying.
But now I know it to be wrong.
He will not die in the true sense.
He'll be uplifted, and he will go on.

When thinking of one who
has departed,
Remember that he is not dead.
And when your time comes to
leave this world,
Be not afraid, but anticipate, instead.



COWSKULL by Carolyn Jackson

Creations

by Charlotte Allen

America, America
Where have your amber waves gone?
America, America
Who should we blame it on?

The plow fell to the tractor
As the railroad seared the Plains.
And the jets began to soar
With the cars down the country lanes.

Man's fascination with his creations
Make it easy to see
Why progress was put on a pedestal
For all to believe.

The apple dropped to the ground
Where now oil wells abound.
The eagles soar where time and
space seem
To have found a corner in our
wildest dreams.

Man's fascination with his creations
Is what all can see
As progress falls off its pedestal
Down to you and me.

The steel mills are grinding down —
At long last they feel tired.
The winds haunt for a place
Where technology doesn't sound
Its promise to the human race.

America, America
Why can't you see?
America, America
The future's here for me.

Let's Just be Friends

by Barbara DuCharme

Echoing in my mind, as if the repetition would allow the meaning to form, the words caused my entire body to respond in a conditioned fashion. I forced my mind to accept the meaning — one syllable at a time, one word at a time then finally the entire phrase was implanted as a whole. With a look of confusion now intermixed with the uneasy way in which he refused to make eye contact, he repeated the infinite phrase, "Let's just be friends."

Was I supposed to reply? The sentence did seem a bit on the rhetorical side. In fact, it was more of a stated fact than a phrase. Yet, obviously, he expected me to respond to aid in this so called communication. One might have to say it was evident from my confusion about the entire predicament that communication had stopped awhile before this exact moment in time. Precisely when this barrier which isolated my understanding from the naked truth cropped up is, of course, on the questionable side. Just maybe it took place on the weekend he innocently was out till five in the morning with a girl friend of mine. (Or is that now stated better as a girl friend of his?) Maybe it took place during the weekend the same girl and he spent the two day span together at a major metropolis 'just sightseeing.' I really can't decide. Nor will I try to pinpoint the style or moment in which the first fornication took place. For my limited imagination would never recreate the crime properly or with the right justification which it truly deserves.

From the obvious fact that he had prior experience in 'letting someone go,' one would have thought he could have come up with a more creative line than, "Let's just be friends." But why mess with a line

that works? This line was far from new to my ear yet that didn't make hearing it a joyous reunion by a long shot. My mind whirled concerning my reply while all of my emotions merged resembling a giant puddle that some small rambunctious child in a yellow rain slicker and galoshes had just victimized. I did not even bother to ask who she was, for I knew and knew well. Yet, the fact that one day he would be treating her as he was treating me right now caused a very small triumphant smile to cross my lips. This smile, which I'm sure he did not expect, caused him to concoct his face in such a way that I began to worry about his mental capacity. In turn, my grin vanished without a trace of ever exiting.

Eventually, pulling my thoughts from many vulgar comments I truly wished to unleash upon this immature little boy dressed in a man's body, I composed the features of my face to resemble a placid expression which covered the true feelings of a bruised heart. Seeing that I was not responding he, once again, made a timid attempt. "It isn't like I'm rejecting you." I did give him a bit of credit for his creativity with this line for I had never heard it before, thus it did catch me a bit off guard. Even though, a debate on the line's reality was very tempting, I figured that this pleasant chat had met its time limit and a departure was in order on the agenda.

The saluation upon my retreat from this ugly scene was not as casual as I had hoped but without doubt it contained enough of a caustic tone that the meaning was unquestioned. "See you around, friend."

Sensing

by Charline Wallis

I see green lace against the sky, alive with birds and
breezes and light that shimmers with green, and
gleams on gardenia-stars, and
spreads subdued across the concrete
at my feet.
I see beauty,
but I do not think.
I'm thinking
nothing at all.

I smell dark earth and crushed gardenias and
the skin of my husband in bed.
I smell onions and fresh bread and
the cold antiseptic of nurses and mops.
I smell illness.
But I do not think.
I'm thinking nothing at all.

If I curl up in bed I feel the cool sheets and
a depth of comfort and quiet.
I feel softness and escape and
no sharp things.
And I don't have to smile, or think.
I'm thinking nothing at all.

Last summer I tasted of mayhaw jelly and joy,
I've relished pasta and peace,
peanut butter with the children and quiche
when they grew up.
Savoring spice, eschewing sweet,
I didn't expect the sudden, bitter surprise
which sharpened my senses,
accelerating, then muffling, thought.

"Cancer."
I heard that word.
Now it's part of my darling, like "tall," and "good,"
and all the sentimental things, the memories,
we speak of from time to time.
I hear his confidence, and the doctor's hopes.
And I hear, and understand, "Okay."

But I'm not thinking.
I'm thinking nothing at all.

The Pasteboard Box

by Ivey D. Lawrence Sr.

If the closet door was ever closed, the box was seen. That's why the door remained in its ever-opened state with the contents of the closet glaring unashamed to the rest of the room. It had been this way ever since the pasteboard box of baby's clothing and shoes had been pushed into the corner, and eventually the door opened in front of it to hide it from view.

Yet, still, the father spent most of his time sitting at a table in the center of the room staring longingly at the door. He had never dared closing the door again, for he would not have been able to bear having to see his daughter's little dresses and sandals again without being able to see her.

The doctors had called it some kind of infant syndrome that had taken his baby from him. They had told him that she had just stopped breathing in her sleep, and not anyone knew why. That precious, smiling, laughing, happy child had just stopped living for no reason at all.

The mother had been unable to bear such a loss and had to be hospitalized. It had been close to three months since the beginning of this nightmare, and the psychologist was urging for her return to her home environment, though it would never be the same again.

Still, the father had to prepare for her return, and that's why now, he sat staring at the door that hid the tragic box of lost, beautiful memories. This preparation would not be easy both because of his own feelings and the constant reminders that still existed, like the pasteboard box yet residing behind the closet door.

That would have to be the first thing in his preparation for her return, to remove all obvious reminders of her so very personal heart-ache. The box would finally have to go. He did not know if he had the strength to even look upon it again, much less to do away with his daughter's clothing in which he remembered her dressed so prettily. Still, it must be attempted if he and his wife were to survive the ordeal.

With determination, he immediately decided to take the box out

and to give it to some needy parents that had a baby girl or boy. He did not know how to find them, but he knew that when he did find them, it would make them happy to receive such clothing for their child. This is what he focused his thoughts upon, the smiling face of some strange child.

It was not as easy to carry out his decision as it was to choose it. Three times he had reached out his hand to close the closet door, and three times he had withdrawn it as if it had been near hot coals. But, his desire to have his wife in reunion with him was strong and as tears rolled unashamedly down his cheeks, and deep sobs of bitterness forced their way from a sore chest, he slammed the door shut, revealing the box once again.

The expected result was soon forthcoming. The ache was inside him so deep, he became cramped in his stomach. It was the same as when he had placed it there just shortly after his tragic loss. The revealing of it became proof to him that the wound of his loss was not the least bit healed and probably never would be.

Standing, looking at it was unbearable. So, he took immediate action and forcefully grabbed it up. He found his way out the front door through scalding, blurring tears and walked in the direction of a charitable organization he knew about, clutching the box to his chest.

The fresh air did not ease his pain,

though it did dry his tears. The walk, rather, caused him to become a little numb so that an outward show of emotion was little or nil.

How many blocks had he walked? Six? Eight? It didn't matter. He was still going in the right direction. He had just crossed a busy intersection and was in a less well-kept section of the city. Over here was a condemned sign on a dilapidated two story house. Over there was the sound of yelling children coming from a broken window of the house next to it.

Just then, directly in front of him, sitting on the curb, was a girl with stringy, unbrushed hair. He was attempting to maneuver around her and also avoid stepping in the hole of water directly in the corner of the street when he noticed what this ragamuffin of a girl held in her arms. It was a baby! Oh, yes! It was a baby of approximately the age and size of his own lost child! Perhaps they need clothing for this infant.

He stopped and spoke.

"Hello!" he said. She could not have been in age over thirteen and was obviously in great need, according to her appearance.

'H'lo" she nervously returned. And that opened their conversation.

After he confirmed to her that she was in no danger from him, she began to talk more freely. He found that she was an orphan, and that she did not want to be separated from her baby sister, so she had taken residence in the abandoned house.

She had lived there for over a month and could not beg enough to keep them from hunger. But, she could not go to authorities lest they take her sister from her.

The dull hurt in the father was slowly being replaced by something new. It became akin to shock mingled with unabashed compassion. He welcomed the release from his own selfish pain.

He remembered the box.

"Could you use these?" he asked her.

As he opened the lids of the pasteboard box before her, and the baby's clothing came into view, the girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Mister, I told you. We don't have the money to buy anything." Still, she gazed longingly at the box's contents.

"Dry your eyes, young lady, so you can see. Everything in this box is all yours. It doesn't cost a thing." The father tried to sound cheerful.

This revelation to her caused her to cry more and because of its sensitivity, the baby she still clung to in her arms began crying also. The father awkwardly attempted to comfort them but obtained only slow results.

The girl told him, "You see, mister, it's just that my sister needs

them so much, . . . I . . . I . . ." and the tears began again.

He reached out and gently took the baby from her arms. How wonderful it felt to once again hold a baby. He patted the child against his chest and immediately the child hushed. After awhile, he cradled the baby in the crook of his arm so that he might look at it. No, it was not at all like his own, but it was still a baby that needed love.

"You know about babies?" asked the girl, now recomposing herself.

"A little," he said. "My baby has gone to be with God."

"Oh, she's dead," was all the girl could say. She looked embarrassed.

The father looked at her, then back to the baby in his arms. He gazed back to the dilapidated building with the condemned sign hanging on the front door. He appeared thoughtful.

"Listen," he said, "If I promised you that you would not be separated from your baby sister, would you let me find a better home for you?"

"Oh, mister, would you? Could you?" she blurted out. "Could we really stay together?"

"I promise!" firmly came his reply.

After receiving her promise to wait for his return later on in the

evening, he turned to walk away.

"Mister!" she called out. He turned back to see her. "Someday you'll see your baby, again, in the place that's in the sky."

He nodded and commenced a brisk walk back in the direction of his home. It was late and he knew he would have to hurry if he was to achieve contacting authorities who would help him. It would take some time, he knew, and those children needed help now, but he was confident that he could keep them together. If necessary, he would keep a daily check on them to be sure.

His wife would need a direction for incentive and encouragement for her healing. He felt he was now better able to provide one for her.

Walking in the direction of his home, he was facing the setting sun glaring red just beyond the treetops. It had been a long day. But for him, a new day was just beginning. It was an unusual time: a new day beginning with the setting sun.

A Bible verse came to him with that thought. It was from the beginning of Genesis. It brought great hope with its remembrance. . . "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

Tomorrow: Delivery Guaranteed

by Iris Bilberry

THE OLD MAN met them both at the farmer's market where he went once a week to buy supplies. He . . . with the gleaming black hair and the fiery black eyes. She . . . with the golden blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes. The old man gave them both a new home and a new life; for they were orphans, cast out into a cold world where friends turned foes and love so easily turned into hate. The old man nurtured them carefully, tenderly, gaining from them a love so fierce that it was rivaled by nothing . . . but their love for each other.

Because of their similar backgrounds, they were able to offer each other the kind of unconditional friendship that springs from being the only "two peas in the pod." As they grew and matured at their own pace, they grew and matured together. No other would be able to gain the love and trust that they gave one another . . . and the old man.

The three of them shared everything: the good times, the bad times, the work, the play. Enjoying one day at a time, they put the loneliness of yesterday behind them and foolishly accepted tomorrow: Delivery Guaranteed.

Winter would find them at home in front of the fireplace, watching the flames as they leaped and danced. Sometimes the old man would read to them as they drowsed in the basking warmth of love. When the old man chuckled from something he had read, they'd look at each other and smile, content in his comforting presence.

Hot summer days would find them down at the creek, sometimes playfully splashing each other and sometimes lying on the soft green banks watching dragonflies flit

hither-and-yon across the cool water and butterflies dance among the golden daffodils.

The three of them had gone for a walk, enjoying the cool spring evening weather. The air was clean, the birds were singing. The whole world was green and so very much alive. Caught up in the fever common to young adults at this time of year, they frolicked. They played peek-a-boo around the old man and then, suddenly, they were off, scampering across the field as the old man watched and smiled indulgently. When they disappeared into the trees bordering the field, the old man just smiled again and lay back in the grass gazing at the early evening clouds that drifted across the sky.

They chased each other in and around the trees and stumps, over fallen logs, laughing at each other, daring each other with their eyes. When they came to the highway, he shot across, sure that she would follow. The blare of the horn caught them both by surprise. He turned around in time to see the terror in her eyes as the huge tires crushed her small body. He ran to her side as the car raced on. He watched helplessly

as her bright red blood poured from her body. He thought frantically of the old man, wishing he were there and then realized that it was too late. With tears in his eyes he watched her die. Loyal to her in life, he was even more so in death. He lay by her side and watched her eyes, willing them open sparkling and alive.

THE OLD MAN did not start worrying until the big orange sun had disappeared under the horizon. He sat on the front porch, watching the yellow moon rise, waiting for the return of his young friends. When the moon had reached the peak of her climb, the old man went searching. He called their names as he walked across the field and as he wandered in and among the trees.

THE OLD MAN found them, lying together on the asphalt. Their blood ran together, uniting them in death in a way they could never be united in life. As he stood there, a car raced by, running over the small lifeless forms in the middle of the road. Tears glinted on his cheeks as he went to pick up the bodies of his two friends. He gently carried them home and buried them . . . just two dogs in a makeshift grave.

Who?

by Iris Bilberry

"O.K. Your free friendly psychoanalyst is here. Unload your innermost fantasies and secret anxieties on me, go home, sleep well and you'll be good as new. And I'll go home and have nightmares about what you've told me."

Dr. Juenette, who had been sitting head in hands in the empty lounge, raised his eyes to look at his friend and colleague, Ken Masthola.

"You too, huh?"

"Yep, yep." Ken sighed as he flopped in a chair and balanced his right leg on his left knee. "It's days like this that make you want to give up careers and families and hermitize."

"Yeah, well, when you decide to hermitize, call me and we'll co-hermitize."

"Better you than that potential psycho I talked to this morning. Mother of three wants to dispose of her children and move to Tahiti."

Dr. Juenette laughed. "Can you blame her?"

"No. What worries me is that when I left for work she still hadn't decided what to do with me. I need a vacation, but I'd much rather spend it in Tahiti than in the grave."

"Who wouldn't."

"This is true." He looked at Dr. Juenette, who was still leaning forward head in hands, elbows on knees, feet on floor. "So what's troubling you, my friend?"

Dr. Juenette leaned back in his padded metal chair, folded his arms across his chest and stared intently at the bare wall in front of him.

"We had a case come in here about a week ago. Young woman, 23-24, no husband, no kids, lives alone, no family that she will speak of, no pets . . . nothing." He stared intently at the wall.

"And?"

"That bothers me."

"It's something to keep in mind." Dr. Masthola waited patiently for more. After a minute, Dr. Juenette gathered the loose ends of his thoughts and straightened in his chair.

"O.K. She was brought to emergency at about 11:00 p.m. She'd had a wreck while driving home from work. Emergency found that the only thing seriously wrong with her was a jagged wound to the underarm, deep enough to sever the brachial vein and nick the brachial artery. She also had minor scratches and abrasions. They sewed her up and kept her for observation. There was no sign of concussion and she was ok'd for release three days ago." He paused.

Dr. Masthola nodded his head. "All right, so far."

Dr. Juenette rubbed his forehead. "She didn't go home. In fact, she's still here."

"Oh." Dr. Masthola looked at his hands. "Why?"

"Recurring nightmares. It seems that every time she goes to sleep, she has this nightmare. The nurses say that her screams can be heard all over the corridor."

"Are people usually hospitalized for nightmares?"

"No," Dr. Juenette smiled. "We usually send them to your kind. Anyhow for the past 36 hours she has been under constant supervision. It doesn't seem to help."

"What does she dream about?"

"Who knows. She says she can't remember them. The staff psy says she's a normal intelligent woman, a little on the lonely side perhaps, but not neurotic." Dr. Juenette shrugged his shoulders.

"And the dreams?"

"Shock."

"Do you agree?"

"No."

"Ah."

"But I have my reasons for disagreeing." Dr. Juenette was quick to defend his opinion. "I talked to Jamie, the ambulatory paramedic on duty that night. He said that when he got there, she was on her knees, sitting in the middle of the road, rocking back and forth. And get this, there was blood everywhere. Jamie said there was close to two quarts of blood in a pool in front of her. It couldn't have been her blood because she had an old shirt under her arm and it seems that helped staunch the flow." Dr. Juenette took a deep breath. "In that pool of blood was one of the windshield wipers from her car."

"How did it get there?"

Dr. Juenette shrugged his shoulders. "There was also blood all over the hood of her car . . . on the outside of her windshield . . . there was even a smear on the back window." Dr. Juenette took another deep breath and let it out slowly. "All of this blood, all over everything and emergency gave her one pint upon admission to keep her blood pressure stable. And that's all."

"Where'd all the blood come from?"

"Your guess is as good as mine."

They were walking down the corridor toward the girl's room. Dr. Juenette had her file in his hand. "I've been thinking about it and I

think I'm going overboard about this."

"There's a fine line between becoming involved with your patients and just being able to recognize when something needs to be done that isn't covered by textbooks and manuals. If something really is hiding in her subconsciousness and we find it and can help her then you have done what doctors are supposed to do: help people. If we don't find anything then you are still practicing medicine. Put this in the category of running tests to make sure of your diagnosis."

Dr. Juenette swung open a door and walked in a room with Dr. Masthola right behind him.

"Good evening. This is Dr. Masthola, the psychiatrist I've been telling you about. I need to check a few things before we get started."

As Dr. Juenette went through the routine check, Dr. Masthola watched his new-found patient. Her eyes, which watched Dr. Juenette's every movement, flickered more than once to Dr. Masthola. Dr. Juenette sat on the side of the bed and motioned for Dr. Masthola to do the same on the other side.

"Are you ready?"

She nodded her head.

Juenette looked at Dr. Masthola. "Do your best."

"You've got it."

Dr. Masthola looked at the girl. "Do you want to do this?"

"Dr. Juenette has told me that this may be the only way to cure my nightmares."

"This may not cure them at all, but maybe we can find out the source and that will give us something to work with." He repeated his questions. "Do you want to do this?"

"She looked at the ceiling. "Yes."

"Are you sure?"

She looked directly into his eyes. "Yes."

"O.K." He primed his pen and opened his file. "When did these nightmares begin?"

"While I was here in the hospital." "After the wreck?"

"Yes."

"When were you last in the hospital?"

"When they wrapped me in swaddling clothes."

Dr. Masthola glanced at her sharply. There was a glint of humor in her eyes. Dr. Juenette was smiling.

"Family?"

"None."

"None?"

"People don't live long when they are born with my last name."

"I see."

"Maybe." She shrugged her shoulders. The humor was gone from her eyes. Dr. Juenette was no longer smiling.

"All right. Why don't we get started. We're going to start with the wreck Friday night and work forward until we find something. If we don't find anything then we'll give it a rest and try again tomorrow. O.K.?"

"O.K."

He turned his class ring around on his finger and left it, stone palm-side. He leaned forward and placed his palm about four inches from her face. "You must relax. Follow the stone as it circles in front of you. Your eyes are on the stone as it circles. Relax, relax." Quietly, gently he continued to speak until her eyelids droopingly closed and her breathing was deep and even. He picked up her hand and dropped it. It fell to her side.

"Wallah."

"That's it?"

"That's it. Take notes."

Dr. Masthola handed the file and the pen to Dr. Juenette and concentrated on the girl.

"I want you to go back in time. Back to Friday night. You're on your way home from work and you're driving your car. Tell me what you see."

"I've just pulled out of the parking lot onto the loop. There's the gas

station and up ahead is a red light, only it's yellow and I speed up so I won't have to stop."

Her arm was extended; her hand gripped an invisible steering wheel. She leaned forward and her right hand fiddled with a button on Dr. Juenette's jacket. She leaned back.

"What did you just do?"

"I turned on the radio."

She took them around the loop and turned them onto Highway 37.

"Talk to me. What do you see?"

"I'm listening to the radio. The road is clear and empty. I'm thinking about work." She laughed.

"What?"

"Jimmy ordered a pepperoni from Pronto Pizza and got an anchovy instead. Boy, was he mad."

"Who is Jimmy?"

"The guy I've been dating for two years, who doesn't want to get married, won't accept responsibility, and just dumped me for one of the floozy secretaries. I'm glad he got anchovy. Serves him right." Her expression suddenly changed.

"What in the world . . . ?"

"I don't see it. What is it?"

"There's something in the road. What is it?" She pressed her hand on an invisible horn. "It's not moving. Oh, God. It's a person . . . a woman. She's just standing there in the middle of the road. Why doesn't she move?"

"All right now. I want you to calm down. Slow down the action and tell me everything that happens. Everything you or anybody else does."

Her leg jerked as, in her mind, she slammed on the brakes.

"Oh, God!" Her expression was horrified and slightly sickened. "Oh, God. I just hit her. She's rolling up on the hood. She's holding onto the windshield wiper with one hand. I can see her face through the windshield. Why is she looking at me like that? My car is crashing into a tree. The hood crunches in, the dash-

board comes toward me. I meet it halfway."

Her head came forward and bounced back and she fell over in the bed. "All I can see is an empty Coke can rolling around on the floorboard. I look up and she is gone. The impact must have jarred her loose. I've got to see if she is all right." She was fighting with the sheets of the bed trying to free herself.

Dr. Juenette grabbed one of her arms and held it down. "There was no other person there except the people who came along after the wreck and called the hospital."

Dr. Masthola grabbed her other arm. "Are you sure?"

Dr. Juenette nodded his head. "Positive."

Dr. Masthola turned back to the girl. "O.K. You're out of the car. Tell me what you're doing now."

"I am running toward her. I am there and blood is everywhere. Oh . . . Oh . . . She is bleeding so badly. I kneel by her side and put my hand over a cut on her stomach. Blood is still squirting out from between my fingers."

Dr. Masthola leaned forward, his eyes fixed intently on the girl's face. "I need a description. Tell me what she looks like."

"I am rolling her over. One of her arms flops against my leg. It is covered in blood. I am brushing her hair from her face . . . Oh, No! This can't be. It's impossible. No! NO!" She put her hands to her head and gripped her hair. Both doctors leaned forward. "Easy, easy. It's all right. Tell me what you see."

"Oh God, it's me. Can't you see?" I hit me! It's been me all along." Her screams turned to wails as she covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

"Wow."

"Yeah."

The Greatest Loss

by Brandy Haskins

She stood before the casket, and looked down at a man she did not recognize. She wondered how many times she had seen that face — that face so full of life and laughter. And now, that same face that she had adored was gone, and replaced with the face of death. A cold chill ran through her body drowning all the blood in her veins.

Suddenly she realized that she was not alone. No matter how much she wished it — there were others. One brother sitting silently in a corner; another on the other side of the room crying deep tears, and covering his face with trembling

fingers. Her mother sat with cold, glazed eyes from too many tears; looked beyond the walls of the room, and seemed to search for some deeper truth. Then she saw the rest of them — the crowd of mourners. Most sat like statues never turning their heads; staring at her, but not seeing her.

She wondered if there was a contest held today — who would receive the prize for the most tears, the loudest sobs, the greatest mourning. She searched the room of dark faces, looked at each contestant, judged the sincerity of their grief; but she did not find a winner

... not even a runner-up.

She wanted to scream, to tear through the room like a crazy woman, and to destroy everything in her way. Instead, she stood frozen by the casket, and slowly gave herself back to herself. She would be twenty-four in a week to the day, but she would never be young again. Life would not be so simple, amusing, or carefree, and the "little things" would become the "big things." And with her thoughts her face changed from the inside out. The lines moved, and the bright eyes dulled. It was a beginning.

Of Those

by Oma Foutz

of those —
Echoes in the night
Resounding against barren walls.
Filtering out the shadows
of deception
That he so cleverly contrived.

Footsteps that trail into
the distance
Remind us of
Marionettes that dance without
aid of
Strings . . .

Distant guns sounding;
Muffled voices heralding
The coming dawn
Of a new day.

Blessed be he who strikes
Quickly at the center of the light.
There in you are to beware for
Coldly the trumpet sings of danger.

Lurking by the wayside and at
The center of us all.
To these we do solely belong.
Those of us who feel no fear

of those —
 Echoes in the night
 Resounding against barren walls.
 Filtering out the shadows
 of deception
 That he so cleverly contrived.



YEHOWSHUWA MASHIYACH by Ivey D. Lawrence Sr.

God's Rays Find Everything

by Pat Buffington

As shallow rapids play among the rocks, they rush towards the calm pool.
When a fern unfolds, it challenges and welcomes the external forces.
A caterpillar's warmth, cools with its flight as a butterfly,
And even a woodtick tickles himself, as he crawls along the bark.
I feel as the ant, working so hard at nothing, and unrealizing death.
I have yet to find the knowledge of play, or feel the calm,
Nor, can I now understand my desire for joy in life.
Even as God's rays filter through the clouds and the leaves,
I am always found somewhere in a shadow.

Let Me Now Live . . .

by Stephanie Kuna

Let me now live to Christ
And be His alone
Let me now live to Christ
Putting to death the girl who was
Living to honor, purity, victory,
Dying to sin, to self, to pride,
O let me follow where You may lead
Let me set my face as flint
Let me never fall away but
Let me become as Thee . . . as Thee . . .
Let me now live to Christ.

The Triad

by Nita Langenegger

Those who today
squander time
regretting the past
are fools

Those who today
search in the stars
for signs of tomorrow
are dreamers

Those who today
utilize the past
to profit tomorrow
are sages.

What Memories Are Made Of

by Shirley M. Fowler

What's happening now
I can't believe my eyes
Look, here they come
Just over the rise.

We'll take them together
Just you and me;
You'll point them out
For only my eyes to see.

Run, friend run
Catch them if you can;
I hear the silent communication
Between dog and man.

I feel them
They are somewhere near;
Stop, frozen in your tracks
There is nothing to fear.

Success, friend success
What a joy to see;
We took them all
Just you and me.

Days Gone By

by Cindy K. Fowler

Days gone by
are making changes in my life,
changes in your life,
keeping us all anticipating.

Days gone by
searching for the truth,
asking every question, why?
from the Bible, to our survival
just to make life worth the waiting.

Days gone by
are in the back of our minds,
and there is always a thought
to keep forever or to tear apart.

Days gone by
help our tomorrows to dawn
and the days of our years
will rise on some morn.

Days gone by
help us embrace without fears,
we will speak with our eyes,
we will recall without tears.

Days gone by
will help melt all the guns,
and then we'll give the
new world to our daughters and sons.

We will never bow down
to be neither heroes or clowns,
but to be what we are
for, we can conquer all space,
all time, all dreams
with our memories of the
days gone by . . .

Twice

by Charlotte Allen

Out of step and out of tune
In for a moment like a harvest moon
It takes twice the effort you'd think
To keep the whole world in sync.

Twice of what we've given
And half of what we've taken
Seems to be just what we need
To keep this love alive.

Twice the time we've put in
And half the time we've wasted
Seem to be the exact amount needed
To keep the fire blazing.

But since time has fled from the bottle
And old men's dreams have faded away
Let's remember the times of summer
When the clouds would pass away.
Then maybe on the very next time
I'll look and see twice of what could be mine.

Twice the care that's been laid on
And half the recklessness we've known
Seem to be the wild card we need
To keep from throwing it away.

Twice of what we've argued
And half of what we've decided
Comes back to remind us
That sometimes it's not enough.

And while time has fled from the bottle
And old men's dreams have faded away
Let's remember the times of summer
When the clouds would pass away.
Then maybe on the very next time
I'll look and see twice of what could be mine.

And Only Then

by Charlotte Allen

Somewhere down the line, there'll come a day
When the mist in the trees all will blow away,
And only then will we know.
The signs of the times will be changing,
The storms in the lives will be raging —
Only then will we know.

Will it be strong enough to keep on going?
Will both partners go on rowing?
Only then will we know.
Will the best years be behind us that day?
Or will they be farther, farther than anyone can say?
Only then will we know.

Through the years and after the rise
Will people tell of the fall with tears in their eyes?
Or will they turn their hands from the sunrise,
Afraid to look and compare their own skies
With the light blue ones we now enjoy?
And as the west meets tomorrow,
Only then will we know.

Far away and down the line
When the sparrow sings a new song
And the lawyers find new wrongs,
What then will it be?

In the dawn where the breeze breaks,
Will there come a time
When the east and west will draw the line?
What then will it be?

Through the years and after the rise
Will people tell of the fall with tears in their eyes?
Or will they turn their heads from the sunrise,
Afraid to look and compare their own skies
With the light blue ones we now enjoy?
And as the east meets tomorrow
Only then will we know.

Silence in Darkness

by Tomas Pollard

Silence that fills the soul,
As if it were filled with molten gold,
Yet, the mixture burns nothing at all

Silence in darkness, how rare,
With the harbinger, the locust,
everywhere,
The ascension of light at its call.

Long for light while it is dark,
Long for dark when the day
has begun,
As the dark sky retreats, she harks,
To the song of the locust
for the sun.

Up With The Future

*by Catherine
L. Starkey*

When a crimson halo signals a distant dawn,
and soon a heap of soapy suds explode the sky;
And when the diamond-dotted twilight frames a crescent
moon and eerie shrouds the earth, at evening's nigh
Do you think of days long past;
do you pause, your tears to dry?

That dawn has gone,
and new nocturnal shadows follow once again.
Don't weep for memories decayed in yesterdays.
Don't cry in vain!
Let the birth of day revive that maiden dream,
awake the unborn potential you contain

Someday's Choice

*by Ivey D.
Lawrence Sr.*

"How'd you get so rich?" said I to one while sun goes down.
"Hard work and perseverance!" And the clock kept going round.

"How'd you get so smart?" To another, I queried late that night.
"I read and worked and studied by the artificial light!"

"How'd you get so strong?" I asked one ere the sun arose.
He loudly answered, "Work and sweat before the sunlight shows!"

"How'd you get your talent?" When I asked, he looked amused.
"I practiced in my off time until all my time was used!"

"How'd you get so popular?" I begged the one with friends at noon.
"I entertain the whole day long. The evening comes so soon!"

Round whole of day I wondered just what motive drove us so.
What goal does bring us happiness? What engine makes us go?

"How'd you get so caring?" asked I then to understand.
"Not work; not toil; just love," He said, "Tis God inside of man."



YOU HAVE TOUCHED ME, OH GENTLE WATERS by Shirley M. Fowler

